

# Johnnie Johnston's AIR SHIP.

BY W. W. DENSLOW.



COMPLIMENTS OF  
JOHNSTON  
HARVESTER  
COMPANY,  
BATAVIA, N.Y.



# JOHNSTON



**F**OR over half a century the farmers of two hemispheres have come to rely upon the name, Johnston, for all that is honorable and best in farm machine manufacture and construction. The name, Johnston, has won the absolute appreciation and confidence of the farmers by the sheer merits of the machines bearing that name. In all these years of manufacturing, the constant aim and desires were first and always quality—quality of material—quality of efficiency—quality of intention—never endeavoring to meet competition by cheapening or deceiving, and the result is a line of farm machines known the world over for their high standard of quality, doing their work thoroughly, satisfactorily and economically.

It is this individual characteristic that has won for the Johnston machines, the fame, sales and confidence they enjoy—the world's best. The name still stands, as it always has, a monument for absolute independence.

THE JOHNSTON HARVESTER COMPANY  
BATAVIA, NEW YORK.

# MACHINES







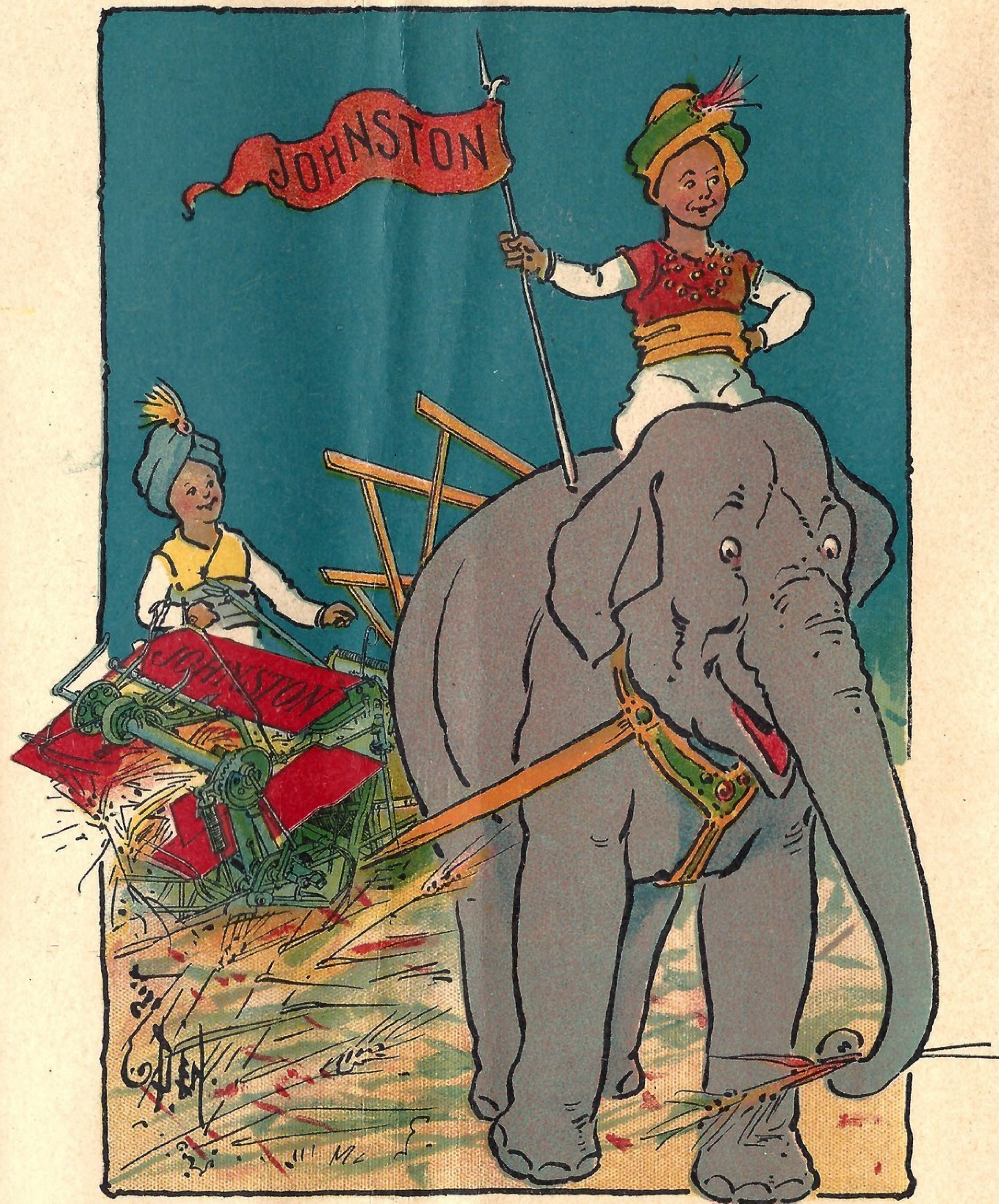
'T WAS once upon a merry  
time,  
Not very long ago,  
A boy lived down upon a  
farm,  
Where grain was wont to  
grow.

The youngster was a happy  
boy,  
Who loved to romp and run,  
He used to help upon the farm  
As well as have his fun.

The farmer lived a goodly life,  
His days were full of joy;  
His comfort was in heavy crops  
And in his bouncing boy.

The boy was smart and quick and bright,  
And learned his lessons well;  
His father taught him farming,  
As well as how to spell;

Aside from these John had a knack  
Of making useful things  
From old, discarded implements,  
Frames, hinges, locks and springs.





HE took a worn out harvester  
And being very spry,  
He made a car with wings and wheels  
To navigate the sky.

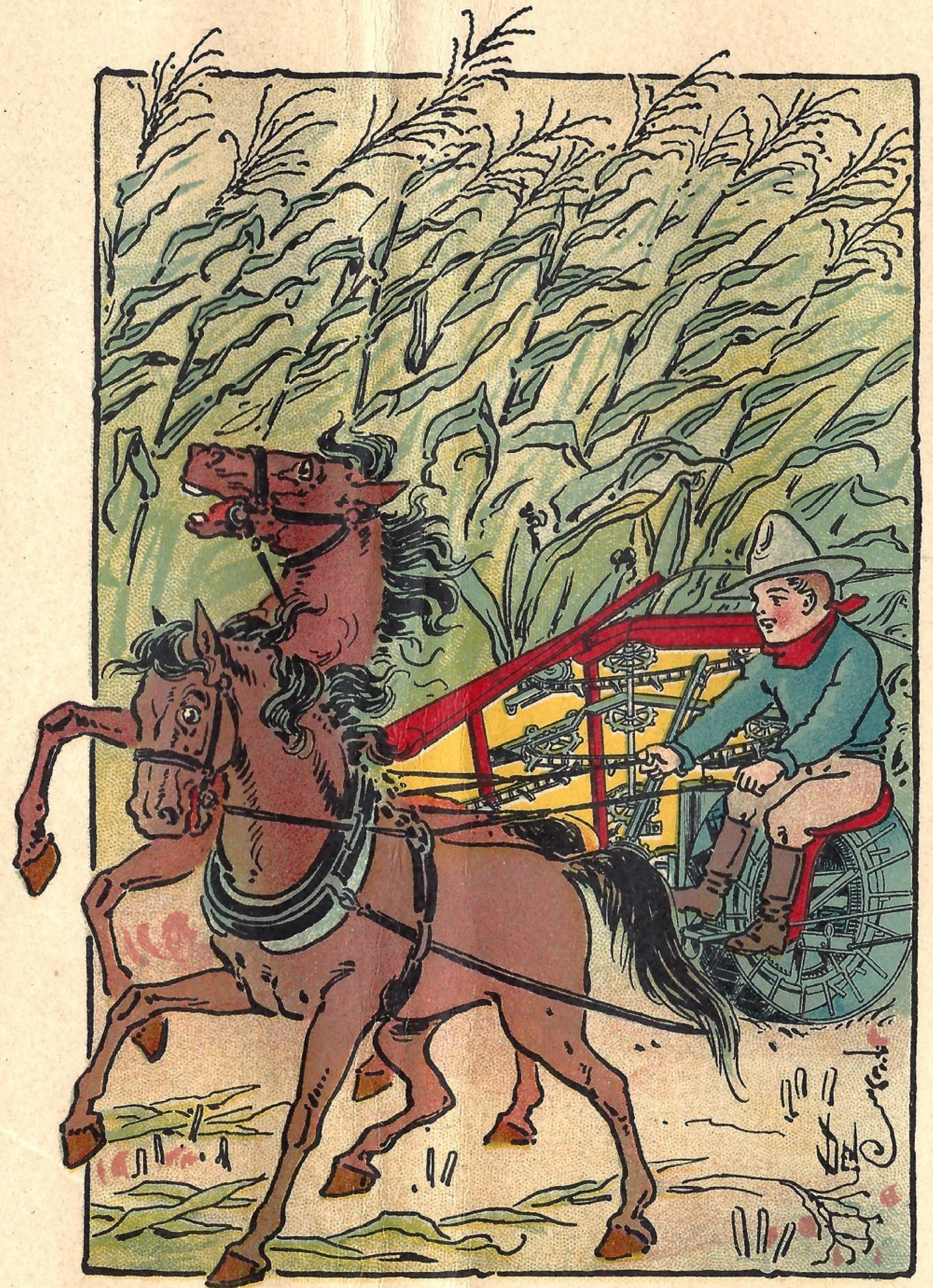
To show his father it was good,  
And safe for any trip,  
John steered his airship 'round a cloud,  
And never made a slip.



One day said he, "My father,  
dear,  
I've often heard you boast,  
That Johnston's Harvesting  
Machines  
Are seen on every coast;

And now that I have got a  
means

Of ready transportation,  
Please let me go to foreign lands  
By aerial navigation.



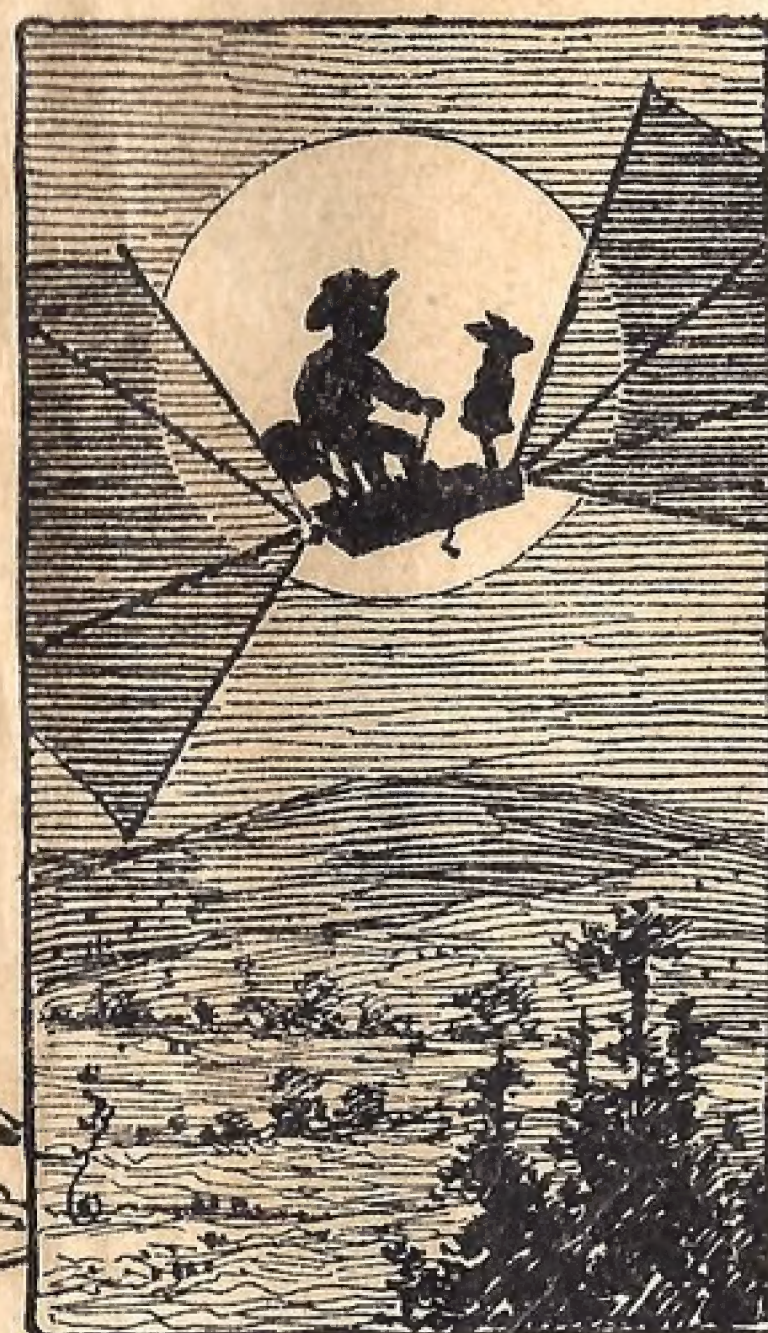


I WISH to see how harvesting  
Is done in every clime;  
With my new Aero-Auto car,  
It should not take much time."

"Go, go my son", the farmer said,  
"But come back to us soon.  
It will not take you longer  
Than tomorrow afternoon."

So with his dog, John sailed away,  
Toward the West he flew,  
Over hills and prairies vast.  
And soon was lost to view.

His father was not worried  
much,  
To see him make his start,  
For his airship was stoutly  
built,  
And sound in every part.







AT first he stopped upon  
the plains  
Of our own boundless  
West.

He found Johnston Corn  
Binders there  
As elsewhere, were the best.

Then far across the ocean  
blue,

He flew to far Japan,  
They said the Johnston there was used  
By every other man.

A "Johnston Binder", once he saw,  
To gather in the grain,  
Pulled by a baby elephant,  
With ease across the plain.

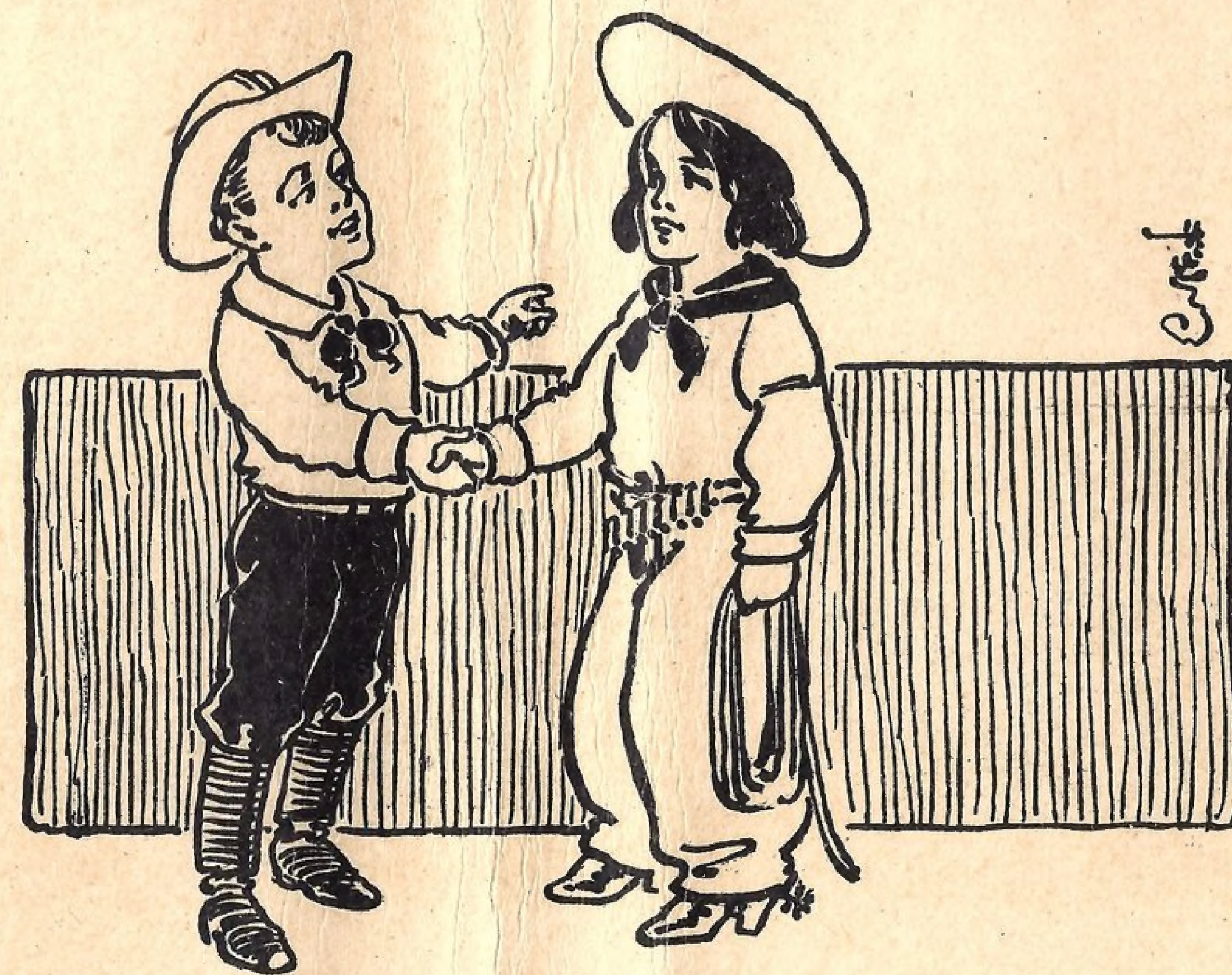
This was in Central Africa,  
Perhaps in Timbuctoo,  
However, they were harvesting,  
Which ever way he flew.

On Egypt's sands he saw that day,  
A Continental Reaper  
Drawn by a sturdy camel team  
Attended by a keeper.

SIBERIA has vasty plains  
That Natives till with care,  
With Johnston harrow and reindeer,  
They always use a pair.

The disks cut up and break the soil  
Right ready for the seed,  
That harvest may be stored away  
Against the winter's need.

John sailed above the steppes so vast  
And noted what was done,  
Yet his book said that Johnston's tools  
Were used by everyone.





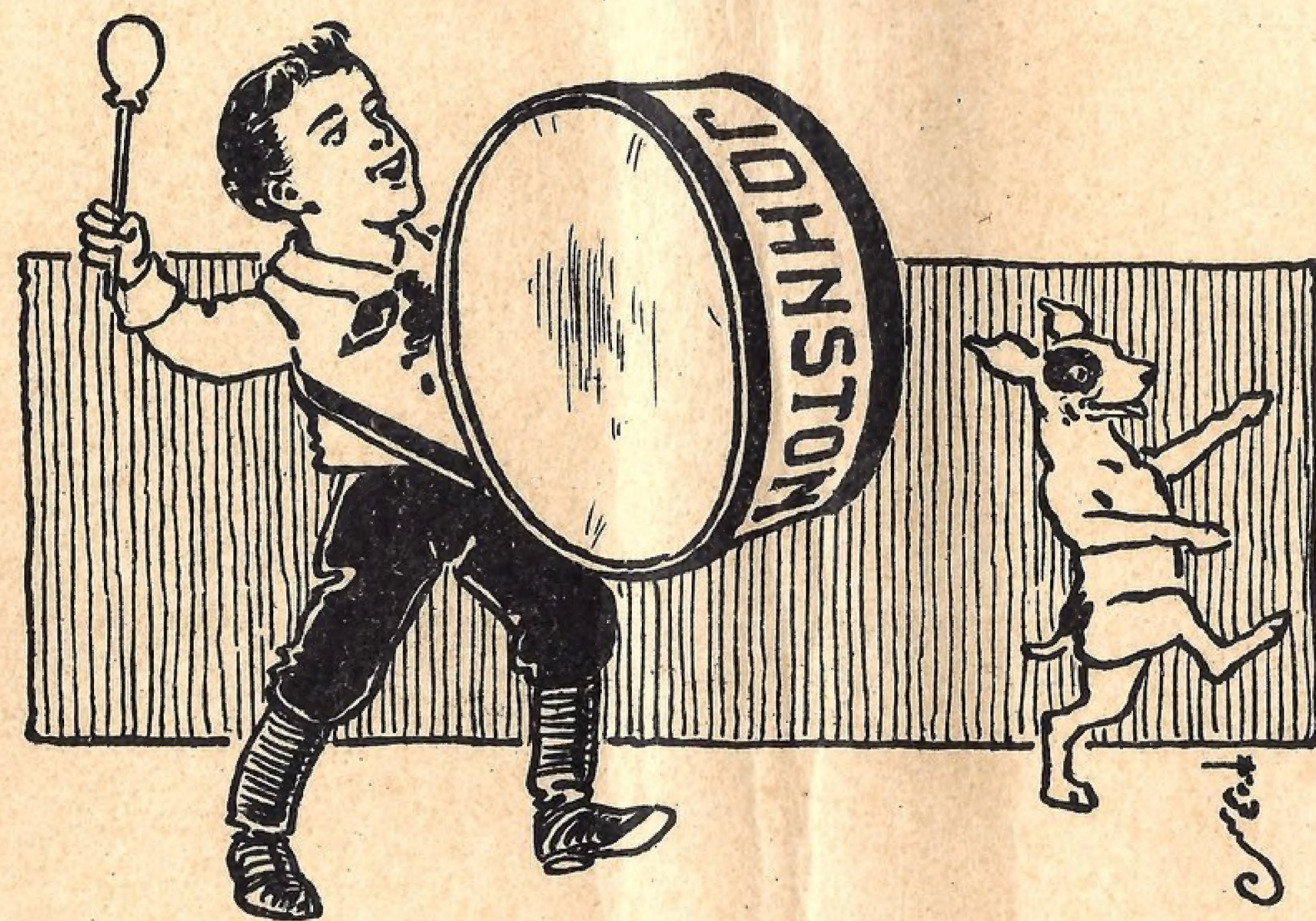




THE Wrights are right, but when they fly,  
 'Tis to amuse a crowd,  
 But Johnnie flew to more effect,  
 And sings in language loud—

The praise of Johnston Harvesters  
 That were in every land;  
 To make his lay more loud and clear,  
 He wished he had a band.

Where'er he went, the sturdy lads  
 Who sat upon the seat  
 Of Johnston's harvesting machines,  
 Were glad gay John to meet.



JOHN sailed above the Tartar's realm,  
 O'er China by the sea,  
 The voyage he took would be a boon  
 To either you or me.

He flew away o'er Hindoostan  
 And Africa's fertile tract,  
 He went as far as Zanzibar,  
 To Borneo and back.

He traveled North, South, East and West,  
 No country did he skip,  
 But Johnston was the one machine  
 He saw upon the trip.



He soared above fair Naples Bay,  
 Then westward — Ho! to Spain,  
 To France, to Norway, Sweden,  
 too,  
 And southward back again.





IN the distance once he spied  
 A bear down by a brook,  
 Hitched up to some machinery  
 That had a *rakish* look;

Yet, still, he could not swear to this  
 It was so far away;  
 He would look closer when he had  
 More time, some other day.

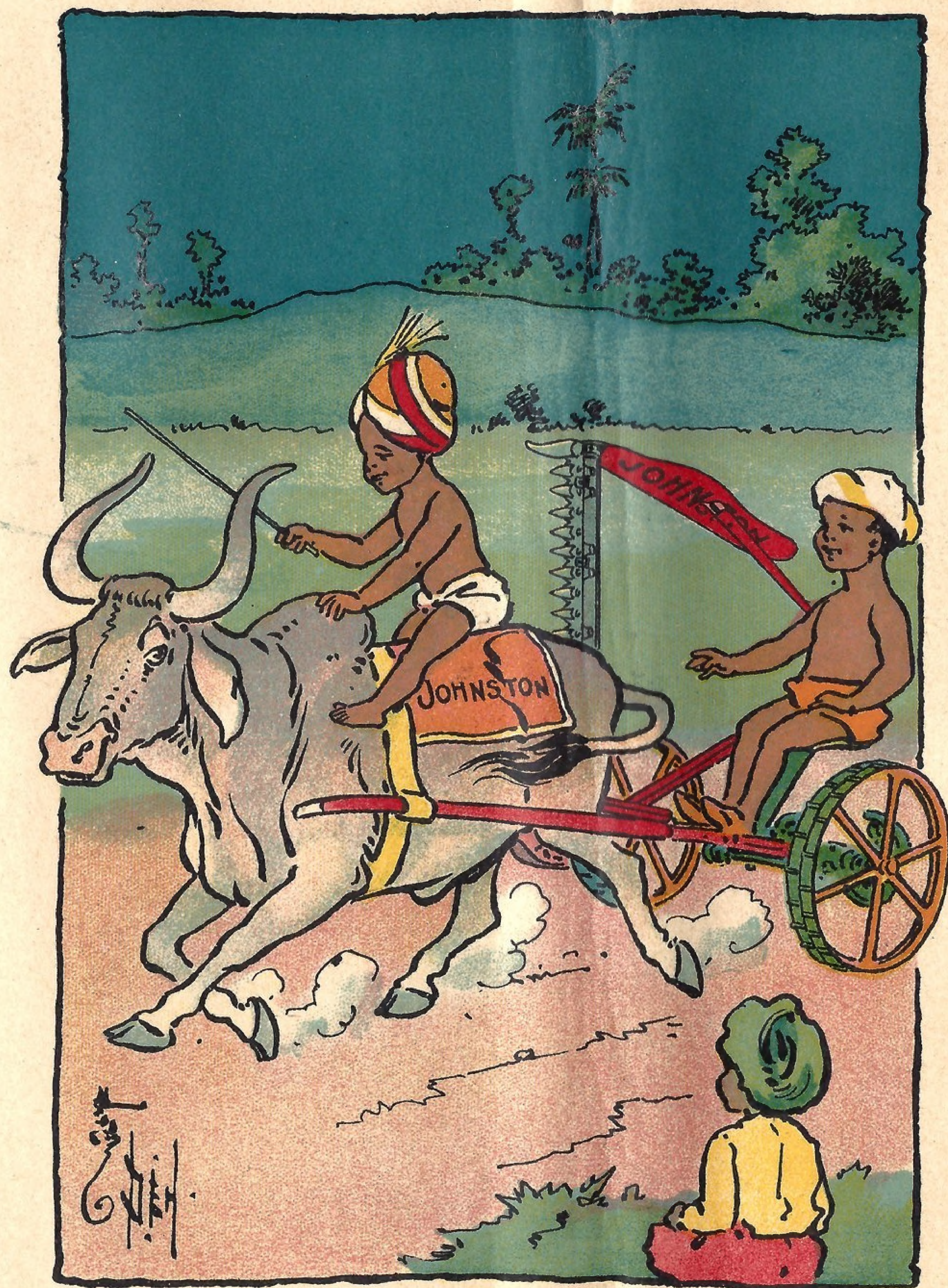
The Lapps were using little dogs  
 To run an Orchard Harrow,  
 It does not seem more work to them  
 Than wheeling of a barrow.

A hump backed ox of India  
 Was hooked up to a mower,  
 He trotted very like a horse,  
 But just a trifle slower.

In Switzerland they had some  
 goats  
 That seemed to take a pride  
 In running reapers through the  
 grass  
 Upon the mountain side.







HE hovered o'er the Balkan States  
 Always with his terrier,  
 Until he dropped right down upon  
 The plains of far Bulgaria.

He met a lot of jolly girls,  
 Whose dresses were quite queer,  
 They gave to him the gladsome hand,  
 In fact, they gave a cheer;

For they were pulling round a lot,  
 A Reaper just for fun,  
 But gathered in the golden grain  
 I guess there was a ton.

They knew our Johnnie  
 Johnston,  
 That name is known to  
 fame,  
 It was upon the reaper's  
 side,  
 Where it is spelled the  
 same.







SO Johnnie found in every land  
 He visited that day,  
 That while the sunshine lasted,  
 Men hastened to make hay;

And while they used for motive force,  
 The animals that grew  
 And flourished in their land  
 This fact was always true;

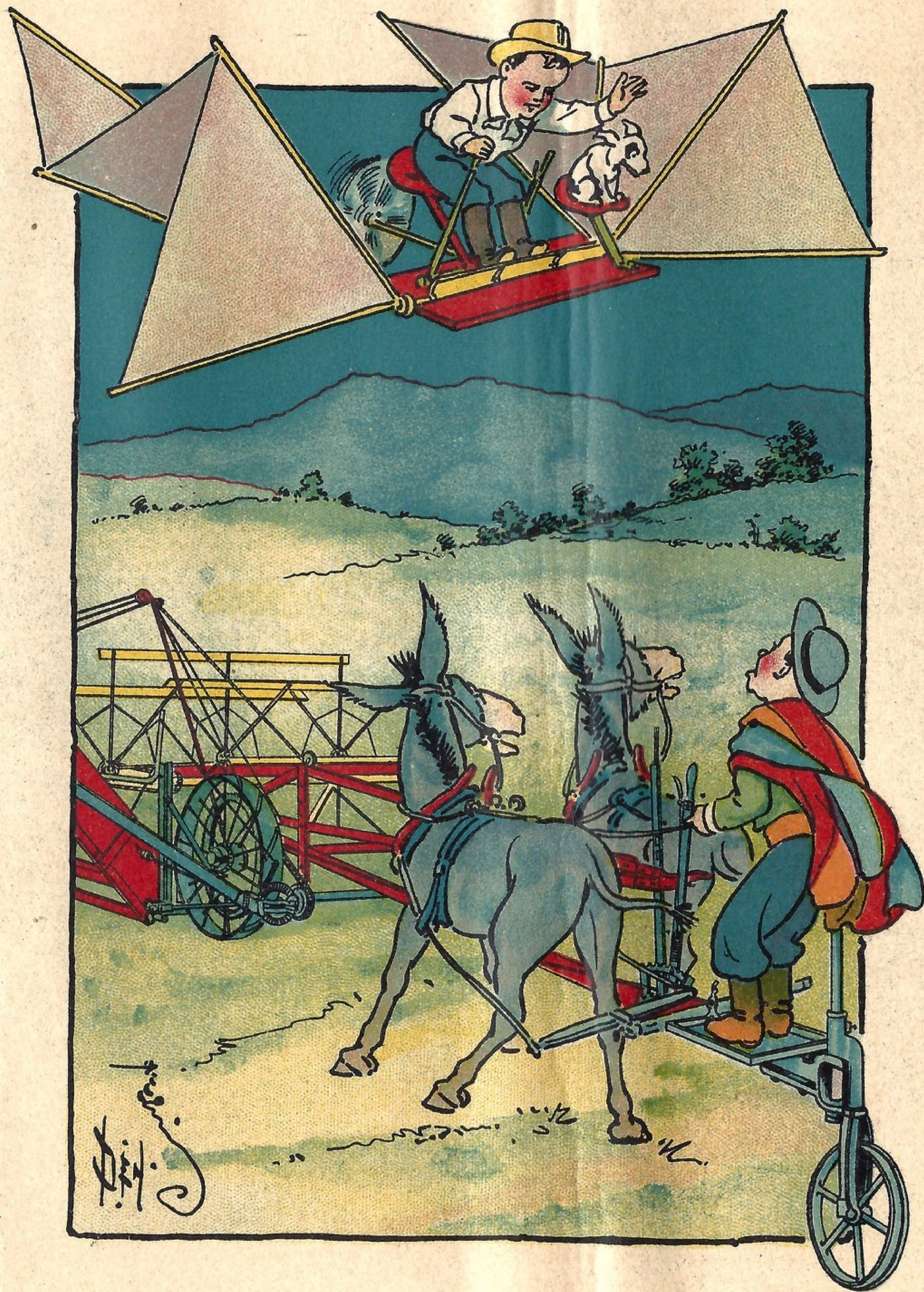
That every one machine they used  
 To cut the growing grain  
 Had JOHNSTON painted on the side,  
 In letters large and plain.

Perhaps this story 's all a dream;  
 Perhaps the tale is true,  
 Leastwise we put it in a book  
 And post it straight to you.



The pictures that adorn this  
 book,  
 Which may be true or not,  
 Are made from kodaks Johnnie  
 took  
 While he was on the spot.





# JOHNSTON



In no feature are the Johnston machines' superiority more pronounced than in the economy of maintenance. The simple, durable, common-sense construction; their perfect self adaptability to the various extremes of soil and grain conditions make them by far the most satisfactory for any farmer to use.

Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Rakes, Tedders, Hay Loaders, Manure Spreaders, Disc Harrows, Spring and Spike Tooth Harrows.

THE JOHNSTON HARVESTER CO.

BATAVIA, NEW YORK, U. S. A,  
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NIAGARA - BUFFALO.

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